Truth or Dare

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Truth or Dare

by squeakybones

Summary

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"You see that guy over there? Tall, blonde hair, light blue shirt, smoking a cigarette?"

Adam scanned the backyard until he spotted who Freddie was describing. Leaning against the wooden fence was a tall, muscular boy with ashy blond hair that he pushed away from his face as he took a drag on his cigarette. He looked older than Adam, but that wasn't the first thing Adam noticed about him. The first thing Adam noticed was how attractive he was.

"You have to kiss him."

"Wha - Is that Nigel? Are you saying he has to go kiss Nigel! Freddie, that's insane - " exclaimed Beverly from across the table. Adam heard Beth step in, also arguing against it, but he couldn't pull his eyes away from the tall stranger standing outside.

or

Adam is strong-armed into playing a game of Truth or Dare at a party and is dared to kiss Nigel.

Notes

This is my very first attempt at fanfic and I'm a bit terrified to post this. But I love anything SpaceDogs and have found myself running out of content recently, so I figured I might as well start creating my own.

I also love any fics that have HEU crossovers, so I had to include some Hannibal characters in here as well.

All that to say, this is 100% a self-indulgent fic but hopefully, others might enjoy it as well. :)

The digital clock on the kitchen wall read 10:13, which meant that in 47 minutes, Beth would finally agree to leave, and Adam would get to go home. Adam tapped his fingers anxiously against his thigh as he tried to tune out the loud yelling coming from the backyard. 47 minutes. That was less than an hour. Just a few minutes more than an episode of *Cosmos*. This would be fine. But the louder the screams outside became, the more uncertain Adam was.

He hadn't wanted to go to the party to begin with, but Beth had talked him into it. In some ways, his friendship with Beth had led to a lot of good changes in his life. She had taught him a lot about social interactions and helped him navigate his way through high school. But there were also moments like tonight. Times when Beth pushed him too far out of his comfort zone. Times when Adam wondered if Beth was a good friend after all.

Beth and Adam had been neighbors for as long as he could remember and they had often played together as children. It had taken some time, and a lot of explaining from his dad, before Beth understood why Adam was the way he was, but she eventually got used to what she called "his quirks." They had become especially close when they had started high school, and Beth had decided to take Adam under her wing. It was for his own good, she had said, and Adam had believed her. Beth was likely the only real friend Adam had and he knew he was lucky to have her. Adam wasn't stupid, he knew what other people thought of him, that he made some people uncomfortable. Beth was pretty and popular and well-liked, and without her help, high school would have been a *lot* harder for him. He would always be grateful for that, but he did sometimes wish she would stop trying to change or fix him. He knew she meant well, but Adam was who he was, and he really didn't see how some of these things she pushed for should matter anyway.

Tonight, for example, felt like another waste of time to Adam. He had known a house party wouldn't be his kind of thing, but Beth had insisted and argued he couldn't go through all of high school without attending at least *one* party.

"It's like a right of passage, Adam" she had declared confidently. "You just have to come. I won't take no for an answer."

She had seemed so certain that Adam had reluctantly agreed. Sitting at the kitchen table between Beth and her friend Alana, he couldn't really understand how exactly this type of event might be a right of passage to anything. It just seemed loud and chaotic to him. Beth had also told him he would know everybody here - that it would only be people from their school, mostly from their class really, which had reassured him - but that had turned out not to be true at all. He barely recognized a quarter of the people here and was fairly certain that the group of boys play fighting outside were from another school entirely.

"It's your turn, Adam."

Adam's attention snapped back to the table, where Freddie was staring at him, clearly waiting for something.

"My turn to what."

"Truth or dare, it's your turn to play." She sighed, as if exasperated. "Which do you want."

Adam looked over to Beth, confused, but she just smiled and nodded, urging him on.

"I... I'm not playing. Sorry."

Which was apparently the wrong thing to say. Freddie raised both hands in the air, rolling her eyes dramatically.

"Oh no, that's not how this fucking works Adam. You can't just sit here and listen to *our* secrets and watch *us* do dumb shit, and then not participate *yourself*. You didn't want to play? Then you shouldn't have sat at the truth or dare table. Now it's your turn."

Adam didn't understand how or why, but clearly he was in trouble. He felt his anxiety rising and turned to Beth for help. "I didn't even know we were playing truth or dare," he whispered to her.

But Freddie seemed to hear him and responded before Beth had a chance to step in. "Oh please, Adam. You're saying you've been sitting here for over an hour but haven't paid attention to *anything* we've said or done?"

"I haven't," he said. And he really hadn't, Adam had wanted to go home the very minute they arrived. But Beth had said they were staying until at least 11 PM, so he had kept his eyes locked on that digital clock, waiting for 11 PM to come. But now it seemed no one at the table believed him.

"Just one turn Adam," Beth leaned over and whispered pleadingly " you have to play or it isn't fair to everyone else!"

Adam didn't really understand how it wouldn't be fair, but he wasn't a cheater and he didn't take advantage of others, so if this was the right thing to do, he would do it.

Adam had never played truth or dare, but he knew how it worked and, from what he understood of the game, truth seemed the safest option.

"Truth." Beth smiled at him, relieved, which made Adam feel slightly better, until Freddie began shaking her head.

"Nope, you can't pick truth."

"Oh come on Freddie," exclaimed Beth, "why the hell not!"

"Because he already says every single thing that's on his mind," said Freddie with another dramatic eye-roll. "Last week, he spent 15 minutes telling me about how he once puked on himself at the movie theater and two days ago I overheard him telling Alana he found Mrs. Stevens 'sexually arousing.'"

Alana froze in her seat, clearly not expecting Freddie to drag her into their conversation. She turned to Adam, grimacing slightly. "Sorry, Adam. I promise I didn't tell Freddie you said that."

"That's OK Alana. I do find Mrs. Stevens sexually arousing."

"SEE!" screamed Freddie, which felt uncalled for to Adam. No need to start yelling indoors, those jocks playfighting outside were already loud enough. "What truth could he possibly reveal that he hasn't already voluntarily overshared with us."

Adam had never liked Freddie and couldn't understand why Beth spent time with her. She was mean and judgmental and had never seemed to like Adam. But Beth had told Adam that Freddie was popular and knew all the gossip at school, which apparently meant she was a good person to have on your side.

"That's uncalled for, Freddie." Alana seemed upset, clearly not approving. "You're just being mean at this point. It's just a stupid game, Adam can choose truth if he wants."

"I agree," added Beth, who also seemed uncomfortable with the situation. The others at the table also started pitching in, which led to everyone talking over one another, raising their voices, and screaming to be heard. The sounds of the party had already been too much for Adam, but this screaming was the last straw.

"DARE!" Everyone stopped screaming to look at him. "Dare. I choose dare." Adam was breathing heavily, fists clenched by his side. He didn't actually care which he picked, as long as he got to go home soon.

"Atta boy," said a pleased-looking Freddie.

"Are you sure, Adam? You don't have to do this if you don't want to."

"No Beth, the man has made his choice!" declared Freddie, who received a glare from Beth. But Beth leaned back in her seat with a huff, clearly not wanting to argue with Freddie more than necessary.

"Let's see..." Freddie tapped a red fingernail to her lips as she tried to come up with a suitable dare for Adam. A loud crash from the backyard drew her attention and she smiled as something there caught her eye.

She turned back towards Adam and the look on her face made Beth gulp rather loudly, which Adam assumed was a bad sign.

"Ok, Adam. Here's your dare." She leaned onto the table, towards the rest of the group, and everyone leaned in as well, intrigued.

"You see that guy over there? Tall, blonde hair, light blue shirt, smoking a cigarette?"

Adam scanned the backyard until he spotted who Freddie was describing. Leaning against the wooden fence was a tall, muscular boy with ashy blond hair that he pushed away from his face as he took a drag on his cigarette. He looked older than Adam, but that wasn't the first thing Adam noticed about him. The first thing Adam noticed was how attractive he was.

"You have to kiss him."

"Wha - Is that *Nigel?* Are you saying he has to go kiss Nigel! Freddie, that's insane - " exclaimed Beverly from across the table. Adam heard Beth step in, also arguing against it, but he couldn't pull his eyes away from the tall stranger standing outside.

"Fair is fair Beth. Brian had to drink toilet water 20 minutes ago, so I don't see how this is worst. I'm fairly sure half the football team hasn't peed in Nigel's mouth tonight, so he's already better off. If anything, I'm doing him a favor." Brian, who had been looking suspiciously queasy during this entire exchange, audibly gagged.

"No," said Alana, "pick something else Freddie. Nigel is dangerous and this is a terrible idea."

Nigel did look dangerous, but Adam was surprised to find it didn't bother him as much as he might have expected it to. As everyone else started arguing again, Adam made up his mind.

"If I do this, will it count as my turn for truth or dare?"

Freddie turned to him with a cryptic smile on her face. "Absolutely," she said. "If you do this, you'll have played your turn." He nodded and looked over at the clock. 11:46.

"Alright." Adam stood up and, without looking back, walked straight to the patio door and out to the backyard. It was much louder outside than he would have liked, but he wouldn't have to be here long. He just had to kiss whoever this Nigel person was and he could head back inside. He realized no one had specified how long the kiss had to be. Maybe it didn't matter. But he really didn't want to have to come back out to do it again if he did it wrong.

As he got closer, he noticed how much bigger than him Nigel was, which made him more nervous. But Adam was sick of this party and the awful night he was having, and he wanted to go home. If this got Freddie and the others to leave him alone, and if it made Beth happy, then he would do it, and maybe by the time he got back inside it would be close enough to 11 that Beth would agree to leave. So, on he marched towards that wooden fence to get that stupid kiss.

Nigel shouldn't have come to this stupid party. He had known Gabi would be here, but they had broken up months ago and he figured he was over it by now. He hadn't expected her to bring that skinny twat of a boyfriend of hers. Stupid fucking piece of shit Charlie. The first thing Nigel had seen walking into the house was the two of them kissing, right there on the living room couch, in front of everyone, and Nigel had stormed to the back yard, slamming the patio door and shoving a few freshmen out of the way. It was one thing to know Gabi was dating the little prick, it was another entirely to see him shove his tongue down her fucking throat.

As Nigel lit what was probably his tenth cigarette of the night, he noticed someone marching towards him out of the corner of his eye. He turned to see a delicate-looking boy with curly

brown hair and what had to be the most ridiculously beautiful blue eyes Nigel had ever seen. Gabi had a good set of eyes, but they were nothing compared to this kid. As Nigel stared, he noticed the boy was looking right past him, over his shoulder. He turned around but nothing was there except for the wooden fence he was leaning on. Hands clenched and frowning, the boy was clearly determined to do *something*, and it looked like that something had to do with Nigel.

When the boy got close enough, Nigel pushed himself off the fence and took a step toward him. "Hello, gorgeous," Nigel said with a smirk, "what - " Before he had the chance to say anything else, the boy grabbed his face with both hands and pulled him down, crashing his lips against Nigel's. Nigel froze, shocked at first, until the boy sighed softly and tilted his head slightly to the right, better slotting their lips together, and Nigel found himself melting into the kiss unexpectedly. As ridiculously soft lips moved against his own, Nigel flicked his cigarette to the ground and wrapped his arms around this blue-eyed wonder's waist, pulling him closer. A soft moan escaped the boy's lips, which lit a fire behind Nigel's ribs as he deepened their embrace. Before he fully understood what was happening, the boy quickly pulled away, stepping back and distancing himself from Nigel.

"You taste like cigarettes," he said, and Nigel laughed, completely taken off guard.

"Well, you taste like root beer, sweetheart."

"Yes, I was drinking root beer earlier." He stood there, staring at Nigel's forehead like that was a normal thing to say, and like this was a normal interaction.

"I'm sorry love ... but who the fuck are you?"

"Oh! Yes, of course. I'm Adam Raki. Nice to meet you." He extended his hand for a handshake and Nigel stared at it for a few seconds, confused once again. Once his brain got back to working, he smiled and grabbed Adam's hand.

"Lovely to meet you, Adam. Do you usually kiss strangers at parties or am I fucking special?"

"Oh no," responded Adam. "I've never kissed anyone before. I was dared to do it by Freddie. She said it wouldn't be fair for me to choose truth because I'm always oversharing. I'm on the spectrum so socializing can be tricky for me sometimes. So she said dare was the only fair choice and everyone was arguing so I thought it would be best for me to just -"

"Hold on gorgeous," Nigel interrupted, "did you just say that was your first fucking kiss?"

"I did, yes." It was said so casually that Nigel wasn't quite convinced Adam had fully understood the question. He couldn't blame him, Nigel wasn't quite sure what the fuck was happening here either. But the closer he looked at Adam's face and the more he tried to read his expression, the more confused he got and the more lost he got in the kid's wide blue eyes. Adam was a blank page, even his tone gave nothing away. Nigel would think this was some sick joke if the kid hadn't kissed his fucking socks off -- definitely no fucking joke there.

"That doesn't seem to bother you."

"It doesn't. It was a nice kiss. I really enjoyed it." An adorable blush spread on his cheeks as he said it and his eyes lowered, making contact with Nigel's for seconds at most, but it was enough. Nigel's heart stopped and everything surrounding them faded away. The music, the screaming, the laughing, everything disappeared and all that remained was this gorgeous boy staring right through him, pinning him with those ridiculous eyes. *Well fuck,* was the only semi-rational thought Nigel's brain managed to patch together as his heart raced and tried to catch up. But before he could recover enough to remember how to speak, Adam was looking away, back towards the house, seemingly deciding it was time to leave.

"I'm going to go back inside now. It was nice meeting you Nigel, thank you for the kiss," and he turned around and walked away like he was walking away from the cashier at the grocery store. No indication that he had just kissed a complete stranger or caused Nigel's brain to short-circuit.

Nigel eventually realized he was blankly staring at nothing and collected himself, leaning back against the fence and lighting his eleventh cigarette of the night.

"Well fuck."

Adam thought that had gone rather well, all things considered. He had been so focused on completing the dare that he hadn't considered he might actually enjoy it. But, despite the cigarette smoke, kissing Nigel had been *very* enjoyable. And he really was quite handsome, in a rugged, slightly intimidating kind of way. Adam remembered the way his stomach had fluttered when Nigel had wrapped his strong arms around his waist and he felt himself start blushing again.

He considered turning back around and asking Nigel if he would like to kiss again, but decided against it. Kissing someone for a dare wasn't the same as kissing someone in real life. Nigel probably didn't want to kiss Adam again. Either way, it was probably 11 PM now and Adam would finally get to go home.

He walked back into the kitchen to find everyone frozen in their seats, staring at him, wide-eyed and slack-jawed. Adam was about to ask what was wrong when Beth reached over and grabbed his arm, pulling him towards her.

"Holy shit Adam!" She seemed surprised, or maybe mad, Adam couldn't really tell. Had he not done the dare correctly?

Freddie had an ugly scowl on her face that was hard to ignore. She was definitely mad, no mistaking that.

"Freddie said my dare was to kiss Nigel, so I did. Did I do it wrong?"

Alana burst out laughing and Freddie's glare shifted toward her.

"Not at all Adam, that was perfect!"

Beth joined in on the laughter and soon the entire table was laughing with them, except for Adam and Freddie.

"God -- the look on his face when you grabbed him and pulled him down, that was ballsy, Adam."

"Oh shut up, Alana," snapped Freddie, and Alana turned to her with a smirk.

"Oh please, Freddie. If you wanted to kiss Nigel so badly, you shouldn't have dared Adam to do it."

Freddie's face turned beet red as she stared daggers at Alana who was back to laughing.

"You're one to talk, Alana. We all know you're basically in love with Will, even though he's like *obsessed* with Mischa's older brother." Alana stopped laughing abruptly and there were a few gasps around the table. "It's pretty sad really."

"What the fuck is wrong with you Freddie," said Margot who had been mostly quiet until now. "You're just a sore fucking loser, no need to drag Alana into your bullshit."

"Ok, let's set one thing straight. I do NOT like Nigel, and I most definitely did NOT lose to Adam fucking Raki."

"Sure," scoffed Beverly, making Jimmy and Brian snicker beside her.

When Freddie turned towards them to unleash a new wave of angry outrage, Beth caught Adam's attention by gently touching his arm.

"You ready to go? We can head home now, I think you've earned it." She was smiling at him and didn't seem to be too upset, which reassured Adam.

"Yes. I would like that."

"Come on then, let's sneak out while they're distracted," she said with a wink.

They both started making their way out when the patio door flew open and a flustered-looking Nigel clumsily burst into the kitchen.

"Gorgeous, hold up!"

Freddie, whose chair was closest to the door, turned towards him with a high-pitched squeal.

"Yes?"

"Wha - Do I fucking know you?"

Freddie's face fell as she realized Nigel had definitely *not* been talking to her, prompting Alana, Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian to burst into a fresh wave of laughter.

Nigel, however, hadn't noticed. He only had eyes for Adam, his gaze glued to the younger boy across the table, worried Adam might disappear the second he looked away. He made his way around their group, stopping directly in front of Adam who was completely frozen, like a deer in headlights.

"You didn't think I'd let you sneak away like that, did you?" he asked Adam with a devilish smirk.

"I wasn't sneaking away, I told you I was leaving," said Adam with a frown.

When Nigel smiled down at him, Adam's heart did a little flip, which was a feeling Adam was most definitely not accustomed to.

"Yeah, well you caught me by surprise Adam. Last thing I fucking expected tonight was a sneak attack in Jack Crawford's backyard."

Adam frowned. "Who's Jack Crawford?"

"Who's house do you think you're in gorgeous?"

"You have got to be fucking kidding me..." muttered Freddie before Alana promptly told her to shut it.

Adam would have been more embarrassed if not for the sparkle in Nigel's eye and the wide grin plastered on his face.

"Why don't I walk you out," suggested Nigel. "I don't appreciate people sticking their noses in my business," he added, staring directly at Freddie who was very obviously staring at them with her jaw basically on the floor.

Adam felt the warmth of Nigel's hand against his lower back as he was guided towards the house's front door. The only coherent thought going through his flustered head was that Nigel's hand felt much larger than his. Nigel in general was much larger than he was, and that thought made his whole body heat up in an unusual way.

They walked out into the front driveway and Adam breathed in for what felt like the first time that night. Nigel, who still had his hand pressed into his back, seemed to notice how his whole body relaxed.

"Not a fan of parties Adam?"

"I hate them," he said matter-of-factly.

Nigel rubbed at his chin with his free hand and Adam heard the scrape of his beard. He wondered what it would feel like against his skin, and then immediately wondered why he had thought that to begin with. What was wrong with him tonight.

"I'd ask you why you come to them then, but here I am even though I fucking hate this shit too."

"You don't like parties either?"

"Nah. Waste of fucking time if you ask me."

Beth had convinced him it was weird not to like parties, that everyone loved them. Adam had assumed this was yet another thing he was wrong about, another thing he just didn't understand. Nigel's words made him hopeful -- maybe he wasn't the only one. Maybe he and Nigel could *not* go to parties together. Maybe he and Nigel had other interests in common. It had always been hard for Adam to make friends but something about Nigel made him feel warm and fuzzy, and he wanted more of it.

"Do you like stars, Nigel?"

"What?" The older boy seemed confused.

"Space and astronomy. We both don't like parties so I thought maybe we had other things in common. I really like astronomy and stargazing. I got a new telescope recently and I've been taking it to the park every weekend since I get a better view there, and also sometimes this family of raccoons that live in the park come out and I like to watch them too, and --"

But Adam was cut off by Beth, who now happened to be standing directly behind them.

"Nigel doesn't want to hear about that, Adam."

Adam hadn't even noticed she had followed them out, but it made sense she was there. She was his lift home after all.

"Oh. S-sorry Nigel," he said, eyes down on the tip of his shoes. "I talk too much sometimes when I get excited."

"Don't listen to her, Adam. She doesn't know what the fuck she's talking about."

Adam looked up at Nigel but he was no longer looking at him. He seemed to be shooting daggers at Beth with his eyes, looking absolutely furious.

"No need to be rude," responded Beth.

"You know what's fucking rude Barb? You interrupting me and Adam's conversation to share your bullshit, unwanted opinions. Adam," he said, turning back towards him, "I'm very interested in everything you have to say. I've never been interested in astronomy but I'd love nothing more than to have you tell me all about it."

"My name is Beth, not Barb." Adam wasn't sure what to do as he watched Beth's face turn a concerning shade of red.

"Don't fucking care," Nigel said with a dismissive flick of his hand. "Why are you even out here anyways?"

"I'm Adam's lift home you dick. I don't know who you think --"

But Nigel turned his attention back to Adam, clearly done with Beth for the night.

"Adam, would you like me to drive you home? I'm ditching this fucking place and I'd be happy to give you a lift."

Nigel was smiling down at him and Adam was once again overwhelmed by how handsome he looked. A few strands of his hair, which had been pushed back earlier in the night, were now falling in front of his eyes and Adam was surprised to find himself itching to push the soft-looking strands back where they belonged. He wondered whether they would feel as soft as they looked.

"Yes. Thank you, Nigel," he said softly, and Nigel's eyes narrowed as his smile deepened. Adam thought it was the most beautiful smile he'd ever seen.

"Beth," Adam said turning towards her, "Nigel's offered to drive me home so I'm --"

"Yes, I fucking heard Adam, but you can't seriously be thinking of getting in a car with this guy. He's dangerous! This is an awful idea and..."

"Listen gorgeous, I know this fucking nutcase is your friend or something, but I don't like the way she talks to you."

Adam's eyes were back to Nigel who had lifted his hand to push a stray curl away from Adam's eyes. He could feel the heat of Nigel's fingers as they grazed his forehead, like sparks across his skin. Maybe Adam's earlier urge to run his fingers through Nigel's hair hadn't been so odd after all. He wondered how Nigel would react if he did it now. He hadn't seemed mad about the kiss, maybe this would be alright as well.

It was right as he started lifting his hand that Beth snapped. She let out a loud high-pitched squeal, like a tea kettle about to blow, scaring Adam out of his daze.

"FINE! You know what Adam, get in the car with this... this degenerate, see if I care! But don't come crying to me when things go badly. I go out of my way to look out for you but if you're too stupid to -"

"That's *enough*."

And Beth never finished what she had been saying. There was an intensity and finality to Nigel's tone that sent a shiver down Adam's spine. Beth had clearly felt it too judging by the way the color had drained from her face. Before she could recover, Nigel placed his hand an the small of Adam's back, guiding him away from the house.

"Come on, gorgeous. I'm taking you home."

And Adam had never felt safer or more taken care of. He knew he should feel bad for Beth but he was so overwhelmed by Nigel's presence, his warmth, and the feeling of his hand against his body, that he happily floated away from the noise of the party, with Nigel by his side.

In Nigel's opinion, the drive to Adam's house had been way too fucking short. He should have known the boy would live in the same rich neighborhood as Crawford based on the expensive-looking clothing he was wearing, but still.

The drive had been quiet but comfortable. Nigel had felt Adam decompressing the further they got away from the party, the tension in his shoulders releasing as they drove down the darkened streets. Nigel had liked that this was something he could do for Adam, that he could make him feel better. Safer. People didn't usually feel safe around Nigel. He understood why, but he also hated it sometimes. But Adam didn't see the scary Nigel everyone else seemed to see. He wanted to be friends with him, for some fucking reason. Unfortunately, Nigel had spent the entire care ride desperately fighting against the urge to stop the car, pull Adam onto his lap, and kiss him until they both passed out from a lack of oxygen, so simply being friends was off the table.

Now they sat in front of a beautiful two-story house and Nigel couldn't bear to let Adam go. Adam seemed hesitant as well, pulling on the sleeves of his long-sleeved shirt instead of unbuckling his seatbelt.

"Nigel, could you walk me to my door?"

"Of course, gorgeous."

Nigel practically ripped the car door off its hinges, almost forgetting to unbuckle his seatbelt in his haste to get to Adam's side of the car, worried the boy changed his mind. He opened the door for Adam who thanked him, smiling shyly and staring at his toes. He looked so sweet and adorable that Nigel considered just picking him up, putting him back in his car, and bringing him home with him.

They made it to the front door and Nigel looked around at the rows of pretty suburban homes with perfectly mowed lawns and trimmed hedges.

"Didn't realize this neighborhood was dangerous. Look's pretty fucking bougie to me."

Adam looked confused at his comment.

"It isn't dangerous," he replied, "it's very safe and has the lowest crime rate in the city."

"So why'd you ask me to walk you to your door then?"

Adam blushed at Nigel's question.

"I... Um. I didn't want you to leave yet and wanted to spend more time with you."

And Nigel fucking melted on the spot.

"Oh yeah?" Nigel could feel himself smirking. "Well shit, gorgeous, you should have said something. We can get back in my car and go somewhere if you'd like?"

"I can't. It's really late already and I need to go home."

Nigel's disappointment was eased when Adam added, barely a whisper, "...but I wish I could."

Nigel chose to believe him. Adam clearly wasn't a liar or a manipulative person, and maybe he really did just have to get home. They had only met an hour or so ago, so Nigel was pushing his luck already. But fuck it, Nigel had always been reckless in everything he did, and he was going to push his luck some more.

"In that case, can I kiss you good night?"

Adam seemed surprised by the question and had clearly not expected it.

"Were you dared as well?"

"No," Nigel chuckled, "I just really fucking want to kiss you, gorgeous. It's all I've been thinking about since you walked away from me in that backyard."

And the smile that blossomed on Adam's face took Nigel's breath away. He really was absolutely fucking gorgeous.

"Oh. Yes, I - I would like that."

And that's all the invitation Nigel needed. Cupping both of Adam's cheeks with his hands, Nigel pulled him in and pressed his lips against the younger boy's. He was more prepared this time, being the one who had initiated the kiss, and yet was still completely overcome by the feeling of Adam's warm mouth against his own. Kissing had never felt like this before. Shit, even sex had never felt like this before. Nigel's entire body was on fire.

As their lips moved against one another's, Nigel ran his fingers through Adam's thick chocolate curls, causing him to let out a high-pitched moan which went right to Nigel's cock. He could feel Adam turning to jelly in his hands, his body becoming soft and pliant against Nigel's as he wrapped his arms around Nigel's strong shoulders. Nigel reluctantly pulled one hand out of Adam's soft curls to wrap it around his small waist and pulled him against himself.

Once he the space between their overheating bodies had been fully removed, Nigel felt an involuntary growling noise form at the back of his throat which led to Adam releasing the sweetest whine Nigel had ever heard. One of Adam's hands ran through the back of Nigel's hair and he shivered at the sensation, crushing Adam even tighter against his body.

After what could have been hours but felt like mere seconds, Adam pulled away slightly to rest his forehead against Nigel's, panting and out of breath.

"That was even better than the first one."

Nigel was still holding on to Adam, probably too tightly to be comfortable, but Adam hadn't pulled away yet and at this point, Nigel would have chosen being run over by a car over letting him go.

"Just wait until the third one," said Nigel as he gently cupped the side of Adam's face and ran his thumb over his smooth cheekbone.

"The third one? When will that be?"

"Anytime you fucking want, gorgeous."

And Nigel fucking meant it. Adam might as well have owned him now. He knew he would do whatever this angel wanted, whenever he wanted it. Adam simply needed to ask.

Adam frowned, clearly considering something, before looking up at Nigel with a soft smile.

"How about tomorrow afternoon?"

Nigel laughed softly at Adam's eagerness, but also out of relief. He was just as eager as Adam was and it was good to know he wasn't the only one feeling it.

"Abso-fucking-lutely. Hell, I can pick you up first thing tomorrow morning if you want."

And Adam seemed thrilled, which made Nigel's heart beat even faster, but then he frowned looking disappointed.

"No, tomorrow morning won't work, dad is taking me to the dentist."

"Tomorrow afternoon it is then. I'll pick you up at one -- how does that sound?"

"Yes, that works. Thank you, Nigel."

Adam looked up as he said it, their eyes meeting for a few seconds before he looked away again, but it was enough to make Nigel temporarily lose his mind. He tightly grabbed Adam by the waist and crushed their mouths together once again. Adam squealed in surprise but soon opened up to Nigel, running both hands softly against Nigel's chest. Had Nigel been capable of it, he would have purred like a large predatory feline. When he reluctantly pulled away from Adam, the boy was frowning, looking slightly frustrated.

"Nigel, our third kiss was supposed to be tomorrow, not tonight."

"I'm sorry gorgeous, I guess we'll have to have our fourth kiss tomorrow instead."

Adam smiled softly and nodded, slowly pulling himself out of Nigel's arms.

"Yes, well I better head inside then before you try kissing me again."

"Absolutely," said Nigel with a laugh, "you're way too fucking gorgeous for your own good. In fact," he said slowly leaning in towards Adam once again, "I'm not sure we shouldn't go for number four right now and save number five for tomorrow instead."

Adam's eyes widened at Nigel's words and he quickly maneuvered himself out of Nigel's grasp to open his front door.

"Stop changing our plans, Nigel. Our fourth kiss will happen tomorrow afternoon. Thank you for the ride home tonight." He started closing the door before adding softly, "It was really nice kissing you."

And Nigel stood there, staring at the closed door and smiling like a dunce, utterly and completely enamored. But before he had the chance to compose himself and head back to his car, the front door flew open and Nigel suddenly found himself, once again, with Adam in his arms and the boy's soft lips against his own. Nigel didn't waste any time, wrapping him in his arms and kissing him back avidly.

He wasn't sure how it was possible, but he had missed Adam in the few seconds he had been gone, and having him back was a sweet relief. He ran his hands over his back and through his soft hair as they kissed desperately, clearly not wanting to say goodbye to one another.

Adam was the first to pull away, looking sheepish.

"I reconsidered and I think you were right. We can save our fifth kiss for tomorrow afternoon."

His cheeks were flushed as he walked back towards his front door.

"Good night Nigel."

It took everything in Nigel's power to regain his focus and string the few words he needed together, but he somehow did it and, with a roughened voice, managed to respond.

"Good night gorgeous."

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